

Current Comment

Following is a letter received by D. H. Cramer, principal of the Campbell Union High school, from the state board of education in answer to a query regarding the prevailing size of high school sites in California. A careful perusal of the message should convince even the die-hards that the present high school site would at best inadequately provide space for the type of school which obviously must be erected here in Campbell.

Sacramento, Calif.
Mr. D. H. Cramer
Campbell, Calif.
Dear Sir:

The standard of high school sites in California is from 20 to 25 acres. We have, too, a few that have succeeded in housing themselves fairly comfortably on 15 acre sites, when the building has been kept very compact and two or more stories in height. Monterey High school with 17 acres is already cramped for extension, and has absolutely insufficient physical education area. Washington Union high school with 20 acres finds itself just able to crowd a minimum physical education layout on its site, and to properly allow for its shops, storage, and a little parking.

These instances are typical experiences and in the light of them, it would be foolish for your board to proceed to build on its present site, and certainly impractical of us to approve it.

Andrew P. Hill, Jr.,
Chief of Division of
Schoolhouse planning.

Last week we remarked on the lack of suitable "gateways" to the town of Campbell, and suggested that local boosters do something to remedy the situation. We have given the matter much thought during the past week and, as a result of that brain fest, we are more than ever convinced that an outlay of cash for decorative and informative arches at this time would be, as the Specialist would say, a mighty, mighty good investment. It does not require a Websterian intellect to see the advantages of the proposed arches. What are we going to have, arches—and co-operation—now, or a big, snappy tombstone later?

Naturally, it would be difficult to please everybody in the selection of a design for decorative signs. A selected committee, however, could quite probably narrow it down and cast the deciding vote among themselves. Once erected, its further beautification would be up to local landscapers, of whom there are not a few. Has it ever occurred to you that we, as a town, are neglecting the advertising possibilities of palm trees? What better expresses the spirit of California than palms? Where could they be placed to better advantage than at the main entrances to the town—eventually be planted the length of Campbell avenue?

We northern Californians are continually razing the southern part of the state for its never-ceasing ballyhoo. Well, we could do a lot worse than follow their example. It put southern California over—ballyhoo—and palm trees. Bear that in mind the next time you hear some one panning our brother realtors of the south.

The editor of the Press will be pleased to discuss with any citizen the possibilities of putting over the aforementioned program. Every person who depends upon the prosperity of the community for his own prosperity should be interested to the extent of discussing the situation—and carrying on—over the dead bodies, if necessary, of that element whose slogan is "Let It Ride; We've Gotten Along For Fifty Years Without A CHANGE."

That's all.

Parent-Teachers' Party Postponed

The Campbell Grammar school P. T. A. card party, which was to have been held Friday, Feb. 7, has been postponed to the next Friday, Feb. 14, because of the senior class play which is being presented that night. Mrs. S. N. Hedegard is chairman of the committee in charge of arrangements for the party.

CAMPBELL PRESS

VOLUME 33, NUMBER 19

CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1930

Be Progressive!
Incorporate Campbell
Trade At Home
READ THE PRESS

A New Tune

By Albert T. Reid



GRANGE HARVEST FEAST THIS EVE; COMMITTEES NAMED

The Orchard City Grange will hold another of its famed harvest feasts tonight at 6:30 o'clock. Candidates for the third and fourth degrees are to be guests of honor. Every member who attends is asked to bring sandwiches and one dish for the table. It is hoped that no one will go away hungry. There is little likelihood of anything of that nature happening, however.

Following the feast initiation ceremonies will take place in the hall. Mrs. Ida Clendenning, assisted by her degree team, will initiate 15 candidates into the innermost secrets of the lodge.

The following is a list of standing committees as appointed by S. N. Hedegard: legislative—Leroy Anderson, W. H. Woodbury, Lloyd Gardner, Harry Barnes, Stanley Smith, H. C. Mitchell; civic improvement—W. I. Merrill, Joe McKinnon, H. C. Hutton, H. N. Shadle, Lou Shelley, H. C. Hagen; home economics—Hattie Bartholomew, Katherine Shadle, Jessie Shelley, Marie Barnes, Rose Hagen, Martha Phillips, Ella Stearns; co-operation—L. E. Hendricks, C. H. Whitman, A. P. Anderson, A. G. Anderson, Robert Mathiesen, E. K. Clendenning, Viola M. Tolls, Helena Hughes; orchard and farm—W. R. Coupland, F. Getchell, W. H. Crothers, George Husted, L. P. Cody, O. P. Cook; education—J. H. Bennett, Lydia Whitman, Augusta Merrill, J. E. Wiesendanger, D. H. Cramer, I. R. Abbott; relief—the drill team; poultry—Mark Purmort, A. H. Harms, R. E. Hansen; insurance, O. B. Cook, H. C. Hagen; press—R. H. Knappen, Lydia Whitman, H. G. Keesling, F. S. Newcomb; frost—W. H. Crothers, J. E. Wiesendanger, Leroy Anderson, W. R. Coupland; National Grange Monthly—E. K. Clendenning, Mark Purmort, Chauncey Watson; garden—H. G. Keesling, F. S. Newcomb, A. Ferro; decoration—Jessie Lewis, Ada Butts, Jennie Davidson, Laura Foster, Emily Gardner, Mildred Husted, Della Standish, Harriet Zilmer; hospitality—Annie Hedegard, Ida Clendenning, Marie Barnes, Ida Skow, Ernestine Woodbury, Flora Meek, M. Harms, Marie Hendricks.

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Annual Reports Read At Guild Meeting

The Women's Guild of the Congregational church held their regular meeting Thursday afternoon in the church, with Mrs. J. H. Bennett presiding. Jessie Lewis, secretary, and Mrs. R. Y. Maxon,

BOARD DISCUSSES POSSIBILITIES OF NEW PLANT FOR COMING YEAR

The boards of trustees of both the Campbell grammar and high schools met in joint session last Wednesday evening for the purpose of discussing the available sites for a new high school plant. The grammar school board was present at the invitation of the high school trustees.

The board, according to reports, is determined to complete plans for a new plant within the next year, as the present site and buildings are absolutely inadequate.

There was some talk of using the present site for a new building, but upon receipt of a letter from Andrew P. Hill, Jr., chief of the division of schoolhouse planning under the department of education in the state of California, that plan has been discarded. The letter was addressed to D. C. Cramer, and in it Mr. Hill said, "The standard of high school sites in California is from 20 to 25 acres. . . . it would be foolish for your board to proceed to build on its present site, and certainly impractical of us to approve it."

The present site contains about ten acres and according to the number of students now in school, it is inadequate. Two tracts are being considered by the board. One is the E. R. Kennedy tract of 16 acres and the other is the J. L. Hagelin tract of 18 acres. The possibilities of these sites were discussed thoroughly at the recent meeting but no definite steps have been taken toward the purchase of either one. It is reported that funds are available for the purchase of a suitable site when a decision is reached by the board.

ALUMNI PLAYERS LOSE TO BRONCOS

The Campbell Alumni basketball team lost in a fast game with the Santa Clara Broncos last Wednesday evening on the home grounds of the enemy, Campbell was unable to break through their opponents guard long enough to make many points, the score at the end of the half standing 21-3. The local boys hit their stride in the second half, stacking up 13 points on long shots but in the meantime the Broncos had doubled their original score.

treasurer, gave their annual reports, telling of the activities and growth in the year 1929. January 30 they will hold a Guild birthday party at which more plans for the work of 1930 will be outlined.

ODD FELLOWS TO ATTEND DISTRICT MEETING JAN. 18

E. A. Moelring and his staff installed the newly elected officers of Morning Light lodge No. 42, I. O. O. F., Thursday evening, Jan. 10. Taking office at that time were Fred Getchell, noble grand; Edwin Mitchell, vice grand; J. A. Griffin, chaplain; T. A. Robinson, treasurer; E. A. Genasci, financial secretary; Ralph Gardner, corresponding secretary; A. B. Covey, warden; W. H. Stendorf, conductor; H. A. Pratt, outside guardian; Ray Mathias, inside guardian. Refreshments were served after the installation.

Saturday, Jan. 18, the regular monthly visitation of the district lodges will be held at Livermore. A special train will leave the Market street depot in San Jose at 7 p. m. sharp. The committee desires to have at least a hundred members attend. If this number ride on the train, the fare for the round trip will be substantially reduced. Ralph Gardner, secretary, would like to have all members notify him as to their intention by Thursday evening, Jan. 16.

LIEUT. C. MITCHELL BURIED WITH FULL MILITARY HONORS

The body of Lieut. Clarence C. Mitchell, son of Maj. and Mrs. C. L. Mitchell and brother of Charles Mitchell, was buried with full military honors Monday morning in the Santa Clara Catholic cemetery. Services were held at 10 o'clock in St. Patrick's church with Father Maher in charge of the ceremony.

A most impressive and fitting ceremony took place at the cemetery where the mortal remains of the young flyer, killed last week at Fort Crockett, Tex., flying field, were laid at final rest.

Wreaths of flowers dropped from slow circling planes. A squad of soldiers fired three volleys over the grave. Active pallbearers were officers of the National Guard and honorary pallbearers were members of the dead soldier's fraternity, Phi Delta Kappa. A platoon from the 159th Infantry, National Guard, in which organization Lieut. Mitchell first learned military tactics, conducted the graveside service.

Many local people enjoyed themselves in the snow near Mt. Hamilton Sunday. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hyde and son, Martin and Leonard Shadle, Robert and George Stubbe.

UNCLE SAM WILL COUNT NOSES DURING MONTH OF APRIL; CENSUS TAKERS WILL ASK QUESTIONS HERETOFORE TABOO

THIS IS THE YEAR WHEN THE CENSUS MAN MAKES HIS ROUNDS; QUESTIONS HE WILL ASK, AND WHY

By Caleb Johnson

Uncle Sam will begin to count his nephews and nieces on the first of April, 1930, and this year he is going to find out a lot more about them than he has known before.

Some time during the month of April an enumerator of the United States census bureau will call at every dwelling in the nation and ask the head of the family twenty-four questions. Some of them might be considered impertinent if asked by a stranger, or even by a neighbor, but the census enumerators are under oath not to disclose any facts learned by them except in their official reports. And those reports are not open anywhere to public inspection. Like the figures in your income tax return, they are official secrets which prying gossips have no access to. Uncle Sam is concerned, for census purposes, only with totals and averages and not at all with individuals. But a clear picture of the people of the United States as a whole can be obtained only by getting the facts about each individual inhabitant, to start with.

For example, one of the things which it is important to know, besides the number of persons in the United States, is the average age of our people. Is it higher or lower than it was when the last census was taken, ten years ago, and how much? This average age has been increasing steadily. But if the census of 1930 should show a decline in the average age, it would be a danger signal, a warning to speed up public health measures, a call to investigate the cause and apply all of the resources of sanitary science toward improving and guarding the general health.

So don't think it's impertinence when the census-taker asks your age! Uncle Sam wants to know, not your individual age, but the average age of all of the people.

Another question the enumerators will ask is "Who is the head of the family?" That doesn't mean what it sounds like. Uncle Sam isn't interested as to whether the wife wears the breeches or not, but does want to know how many men are dependent upon the earnings of their children, how many women are self-supporting. The head of the family, from the census point of view, is the one who earns the money.

Whether you live on a farm or in a town, whether you are white, black, red or yellow, male or female, married or unmarried, able to read and write, where you were born, when you came to America if you are an immigrant, what your native language was and whether you can speak English are questions the reasons for which are clear enough. On the totals compiled from these answers depends among other things, the number of persons from your native country who can be admitted to the United States in the next ten years.

Everybody who is employed will be asked to give his trade or occupation and the particular industry in which he or she works, or if working on his own account or as an employer, to say so. But a question on that line this year will be: "Are you employed now?" That is as of the first of April. There will be for the first time an accurate record of unemployment, figures on which heretofore have been largely estimates.

Another new question will be whether you own your home. In a general way the proportion of home-owners has been estimated in the past, but nobody has ever had exact figures. The figures have a decided bearing on the important subject of our national prosperity. And if you do not own your home, the census man will ask you how much rent you pay. That is another useful index of the size of the national bankroll. Taking the two together, the government will be able to tell us whether the home

ownership is on the increase, whether there is a demand for more individually owned dwellings, and those facts have a bearing on the lumber industry and the production of all other building supplies, as well as on the market for all sorts of household equipment and furnishings.

Another new census question is whether you own a radio set. Nothing could better illustrate the speed with which new inventions take hold, once they strike the public fancy. Ten years ago, when the census of 1920 was taken, there wasn't a radio set in the world except experimental ones; there was no such thing as broadcasting; only a few experts knew the difference between a heterodyne and a screen grid, if any. Now look at the blamed thing! There are so many receiving sets that Uncle Sam is going to count 'em to find out how many of his family he can talk to at once.

For the first time, the census-taker will ask how old you were at your first marriage. The information will be more important ten years from now than it is now, because the second set of answers to it, in 1940, will disclose whether the average age of marriage is getting older or younger. Our grandparents married in their teens, as a rule; today 25 is nearer the average age, in all probability. Will the young folks of the next ten years continue to postpone marriage or will they revert to the youthful marriages of their ancestors.

You will be asked whether you have attended school or college since last September. The figures for education have been climbing steadily ever since the first census was taken. Beyond question they are still climbing, but how fast?

And as a final question every one of Uncle Sam's nephews will be asked whether he has served as a soldier, sailor or marine in any war in which his country was involved. We will know for the first time just how many veterans of each war are still living. And that will help to estimate future demands on taxpayers for pensions.

The census is the oldest of all our federal bureaus, as old as congress and the presidential office and the judiciary, for it was set up in the constitution itself, which requires that the inhabitants be counted every ten years. The original purpose was to find out how many lived in each state in order to apportion members of congress among the states. That is still one of the purposes, though congress itself has been dilatory in reapportioning its membership in proportion to population.

The first census, taken in 1790, showed fewer than four million inhabitants in the new nation; 3, 929, 214, to be exact. We passed the 25 million mark between 1850 and 1860; by 1880 we had almost exactly 50 million, and 40 years later, in 1920, we had doubled that figure with 105,710,620 persons living in continental United States. The census bureau experts have made estimates from year to year of the increase since that time, and give it as their belief that enumeration of 1930 will show between 121 and 122 million nephews and nieces of Uncle Sam.

Christian Endeavorers To Attend S. J. Rally

A Christian Endeavor rally will be held at the First Presbyterian church of San Jose next Sunday, Jan. 19, at 7:30 p. m. A. J. Shartle, international officer of Christian Endeavor of Boston, will be the speaker. Accompanying him on a tour of the state will be Howard Brown, state field secretary.

Delegations of young people and adults will be present from Santa Clara and San Mateo county churches.

Young people of the Congregational church will meet there at 6:30 p. m. to attend in a body.

EVERLASTING



She—Tom only kissed me once last night.
He—How come?
She—It lasted all evening.

MAGIC REQUIRED



"I'm going to learn how to be beautiful out of this book."
"Is it a magic book, dear?"



He—That sailor sweetheart of yours is a slow one—he hasn't any speed at all.
She—Well if he makes only one knot it will satisfy me.

NATURALLY



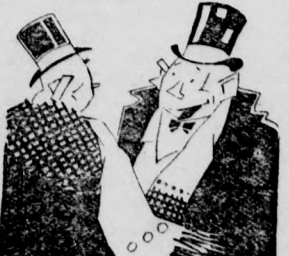
Bass—Who's going to have the leading part in the Undersea Dramatic association's new play?
Perch—Mr. Starfish, of course!

WENT TO PIECES



"You know that terrible fat girl John went with? He dropped her."
"You don't say. What happened?"
"She went all to pieces, of course."

HOT WORK



"Does it make you red in the face and sweat like that when you call on a girl you know years ago?"
"Not necessarily, but it's hot work rekindling an old flame."

H.A.T.E.

BY ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

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WNU Service

WHAT WENT BEFORE

Capt. Lion Fellowes' American merchant ship is sunk by a British frigate off Portugal in the War of 1812. The crew surrenders, but Fellowes reaches shore exhausted. His life is saved by an English-speaking girl, who conceals her identity. She is about to set out for Lisbon. Fellowes goes to Lisbon where he meets an acquaintance, Captain Chater of the American ship True Bounty, who offers him a berth as a mate, but knowing Chater is disloyal in trading with the enemy, he refuses. He meets the girl who saved his life, Cara Inglepin, daughter of the owner of True Bounty. She is bound for home and induces Fellowes to sail as mate. He is in love with Cara. The vessel is stopped by the British frigate, Badger, Captain Collishawe. Despite his claims to American citizenship, Fellowes is taken aboard the Badger a "pressed" man. He scents treachery.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"Three!" the lashed coiled lovingly around his flanks, criss-crossing the welts, drumming on his ribs, flicking the hair out by the roots. "Four!" Fire burned all over his back and sides, and reached to his belly. His body quivered under the agony of it. But inside him burned a fiercer fire. He raised his head indignantly, and rasped over his shoulder at Clinch:

"Why don't you hit hard, man?"

"Ard?" he echoed. "Don't be asty, lad. 'Ere's five—and ninety five to come."

"No talking," called Mr. Curry. Fellowes huddled closer to the mast, bracing himself to the shock of the lashes. Presently he tasted the salty moisture again on his lips, and licked them with his tongue. He mustn't cry. Mustn't give this d-d Britisher the satisfaction of it. But the moisture wasn't tears. It was blood. At the next blow he saw it spurting over his shoulders. The red point of the mast was flecked with it. He glanced down and saw specks of blood on the clean, white deck.

He laughed.

"Butcher Collishawe they'll call him after this," he said in a tired voice that was distinct in the oppressive silence.

"Thirty-five," counted Clinch, "thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight."

Fellowes was one broil of agony from his loins to his shoulders. He lay along the butt of the mast, hanging limp from his fettered wrists. For a while the strain on his arms had hurt him. Now, it was simply one part of the complicated torment that was his being. His hearing had gone with his sense of sight. He didn't know when it was that the count of "Fifty!" tolled, and Clinch's voice boomed at his ear:

"I've ear me, lad? Ye can take yer other fifty later. We'll ave the surgeon up for ye. Yer back's cut to pieces."

"Go on," croaked Fellowes, forcing open bloodshot eyes. "Kill me, if you can. That's what he wants."

Mr. Curry's voice was fretful. "If the man insists, you'll have to go ahead, Clinch. Here, fetch him a pan of grog, one of you."

A new voice pierced Fellowes' dwindling consciousness, a soft, plaintive voice, almost womanish in its husky, musical quality.

"Yah, marse'r! Cuffee got him rum."

Fellowes felt the rim of a pan nudge at his swollen lips, and sucked thirstily. The raw stuff burned his swollen throat, and he coughed, and every muscle in his torso throbbed and stabbed. He choked a groan.

"More," he pleaded.

"Ye'll git it, friend," promised another new voice. "This here's Tom Grogan, of Philadelphly, P. A. I'm astandin' by, along of my nigger, Cuffee, here. Easy does it! That's 'nuff!"

Gradually, Fellowes rallied under the stimulant. "Thanks," he managed to say.

Mr. Curry shouted testily: "If he won't have his punishment postponed you'll have to resume 'Clinch."

"Aye, aye, sir," Clinch acknowledged reluctantly. "Ready, lad."

Fellowes tried to smile, but all he could contrive was a crooked grin.

"Ready," he assented. "And I want you to finish the hundred. Understand? Finish!"

"Fifty-one!" counted the bosun. Fellowes groaned as the dripping cat slashed into the pulp of his back, but he straightened by a mighty effort of will, and the following blows drew no sound from him.

At the seventy-sixth he sagged limp, hanging from his tortured wrists. He revived with salt water sluicing over his head smarting the wounds that furrowed him. He felt as if he were dying under the reiteration of the lash, and before long a numbness assailed him. A rather pleasant numbness. He was aware of water, of voices arguing, and of a recurrent nervous shock. And at last oblivion relieved him.

CHAPTER IV

Tom Grogan and Cuffee Cockroach IN HIS delirium Fellowes was plagued by a weird specter—the head of Collishawe on the sinewy torso of Bob Clinch—that brandished a dripping cat over his lacerated back. But always as the

lashes were about to fall a gigantic black figure intervened, and a soft, crooning voice quieted his frenzied defiance:

"Hush yo'se', marse'r, Cuffee hol' yo' han'. Dar yo' don' need holler—ain't only Cuffee 'n' Tom wid' yo'."

Fellowes raised his head as the negro spoke, and his lips parted in a groan. He was lying on his stomach on a pile of hammocks; the yellow glare of a battle-lantern, suspended above him, revealed the confined space of the Badger's berth-deck. From his neck to his loins his back was a blaze of agony.

"How long have I been here?" he whispered.

"Dis two night'. Yo' hab much bobbery, marse'r. Yo' holler, an' yo' yell, an' yo' wan' fo' kill him cap'n. Oh, my aunt, yo' plenty sick!"

Fellowes moved again, tentatively, to ease a stiffness in his legs, and with the stab of pain which shot through him he felt an oily moisture percolating down his flanks.

"What have you got on me?" he asked, between gritted teeth.

"Plenty slush. But best fo' yo' Rob Clinch fetch him from cockee Yo' go' sleep." The negro settled back on his heels. "Sleep mo' better fo' yo'."

"But why do you do this for me?" exclaimed Fellowes.

"Cuffee help yo' fo' dat yo' strike him cap'n bad face. An' Cuffee tink yo' plenty juju fo' take floggin' widout holler. Cuffee like yo' fine."

"I'm very grateful," said Fellowes weakly. "You—it's the last thing I expected. What did you say your name was?"

"Cuffee, marse'r. Cuffee Cockroach. Now, yo' go' fo' sleep."

The crooning voice hummed a slow, monotonous tune, and despite himself, despite the pain that racked and burned, Fellowes drifted off into a drowsy slumber. When he awakened sunshine was pouring down an open hatch. He turned his head with difficulty, and at once a gruff voice spoke beside him.

"Easy all, shipmate. That back's purty tender."

The speaker was the short, bow-legged sailor, of the bristling black beard and mahogany-tanned hide.

"There was a negro here," Fellowes answered feebly. "In the night—"

"Cuffee, messmate. He's on watch—leastways, he's at gun-drill. Ye wouldn't skeerly suspect it, now, would ye, but that nigger's a master hand with Long Tom? Holy stone me, if he ain't the smartest gunner I ever seed."

"Your name is Tom, isn't it?"

"Tom Grogan of Philadelphly, P. A.—likewise, A. B. Pressed off the schooner Martha out o' Baltimore. But mebbe ye could eat a morsel? All ye had was a sup o' rum since ye came below."

He dropped on his knees by Fellowes' head, and offered him a spoonful of steamy liquid from a pannikin.

"Cuffee cooked this for ye," he pursued. "For an ign'rant nigger he's got a surpris' lot o' know-how."

Fellowes was amazed at the tastiness and savor of the mess.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Salt-horse 'n' hardtack 'n' what-ever Cuffee could steal out o' the galley," Grogan replied, grinning. "He's a master cook, too—that's how we shipped him on the Martha."

"You were pressed together?"

"For sartain. Collishawe was only for takin' me, but Cuffee, he up and says as how he's allus shipped with me, 'n' if I'm trans-ferin' to the ryal navy, why, he'd come, too."

"Then Cuffee isn't a slave?"

Grogan set down the pannikin and scratched his ear doubtfully.

"Well, mate, that's a question I've often asked myself. 'Ysee, the Martha took him off the wreck of a slaver—San Jago of Havana—dismantled in the Middle passage. He was the only livin' critter aboard. I guess he wouldn't have lasted more'n a day, if he hadn't happened by. Cap'n, he didn't want to take Cuffee off—but I was a curious young feller, and that was a chance the slavers had left treasure behind 'em, so the cap'n, he heims 'n' haws and lows I can go, if so be I go alone, which same I did."

Fellowes found the narrative amusing. It renewed his thoughts from his tortured back.

Grogan went on: "Cuffee come 'n' he kissed my hand and knelted down on the deck in front of me. And after I took him back to the Martha 'n' we'd fatted him a piece, why, ye just couldn't pry him away from me. Cap'n, he called him 'Tom Grogan's nigger,' and next time we made Baltimore—that's how the customs officers entered him. 'Cuffee Cockroach, property of Tom Grogan, A. B. of Philadelphly, P. A.'"

A shadow fell across Fellowes' face, and Clinch squatted opposite Grogan.

"Feelin' a mite more peckish, lad?" inquired the bosun. "Rot my guts, but yer a g'me bantam." He paused awkwardly. "No anee mosetees, I ope?"

Fellowes thrust out a hand, regardless of the pain the movement caused him.

"I haven't anything against you, bosun," he answered. "I'm sore but I'll be up and about soon. And then I'll attend to the cur who used you."

Clinch darted a worried look over his shoulder.

"Relay that talk, lad," he ordered gruffly. "Twon't get ye no where. Ye can't reach the cap'n. Ain't it so, Tom Grogan? Yer a

pressed man. Tell the lad I'm talkin' for his own good."

"Sartain, sartain," Grogan corroborated soothingly. "Ye got to use plain sense. Yer jest a pressed seaman like me 'n' Cuffee, only ye hit the cap'n in the jaw—and lived to reck-lect it."

"Aye, aye," agreed Clinch. "Don't forget that. Cripes, lad, a cap'n can't let one o' 'is men strike 'in 'E was as easy as 'e could be."

"Easy!" Fellowes snapped scornfully. "I'd ather have been killed than flogged."

Clinch rose uncomfortably.

"See 'ere," he said, "I don't like the way ye talk. The cap'n, 'e's fair, but 'e's 'ard. All for discipline, 'e is."

Fellowes experienced a profound sensation of weakness. "It doesn't matter," he mumbled, fighting back the tears of rage that pricked his eyelids. "But if I live—G—d, how I hate the cur! And her! and her!"

His voice became a wail. There was a sudden patter of feet on the deck.

"What yo' po' fool do?" Cuffee scolded. "Buckra marse'r, him sick, like ill chille. Yo' wan' fo' make him mo' bobbery?"

"We ain't done nothin' to him, nigger," Clinch protested. "E was atakin' ag'in the cap'n—"

"Yo' let him talk! Cap'n bad man, Someday him die. Dis buckra marse'r plenty juju. Yah, him good man, him juju man."

The big, calloused hand slid caressingly on to Fellowes' head. "Dar, now, marse'r, yo' go' fo' sleep Cuffee here."

And the crooning monotonous hum of liquid polysyllables fell like



"What Yo' Po' Fool Do?" Cuffee Scolded.

an anodyne on Fellowes' aching nerves.

The Long Islander improved steadily. His back, which, fortunately, he could not see, remained a horrid spectacle; but gradually the shredded flesh began to scab over, and what meant most to him his nerves eased off from the terrific tension imposed upon them.

And now he was morbidly anxious lest the mitigation of his pain should quench the fire of hatred burning in his heart. But he need not have concerned himself. The first time he was assisted to the spar-deck, an "saw aloft, in the sacred precincts of Collishawe's straight, trim figure, his eyes were clouded by the same red mist which had blinded him the day he boarded the Badger."

With nothing else to think of, Fellowes found diversion in wheeling the edge of his hatred, scheming plans of vengeance. And slowly, as his mind became normal, he relinquished the fantastic dreams which had occupied him in his earlier convalescence. No ordinary retribution for him! No blow in the dark, no shot across a smoke-filled deck, no yielding to suicidal hysteria.

They'd stand face to face, ship to ship, when the time came. Watching Collishawe, he discovered the Englishman's heart was bound up in the Badger. Smash her, take her from him, and Collishawe would suffer infinitely more than the pangs of death. But to take or trap the Badger Fellowes must first escape from her, and this posed an apparently insoluble problem. He cudgled his wits over it, and finally called on Tom and Cuffee for advice.

"Mebbe a man can escape when he's ashore," commented Tom; "but how ye goin' to escape anywhere in all this water?"

"There's always a way, if we can find it," Fellowes answered doggedly. "We must hope, and keep watch. And if we do get ashore, I'll buy a ship that can run the Badger into her hole in Davy Jones' locker—and you shall be with me."

Cuffee was all smiles. "Yo' hab Long Tom, Marse'r Fellowes? Oh, my aunt, I mos' please to deaf wid him!"

"Ye'll be dead afore yer pleased nigger," Tom sighed dolefully.

But Fellowes refused to despair. "Nonsense, Tom," he exclaimed. "You shall be bosun. Think! A sharp Yankee privateer that'll carry royals in an ordinary blow. You wait and see."

A few days later the sloop of war spoke the Shannon frigate, which made signal she was bound south with dispatches for Admiral Cockburn, cruising off the capes of the Chesapeake, and Fellowes heard the signalman's report to Collishawe, and Collishawe's prompt rejoinder.

My compliments, and ask em to leave to. Tell 'em Captain Collishawe has important documents for the admiral's attention. Mr. Curry, have a boat towed. I'll see Captain Broke, myself."

Fellowes remembered the papers Collishawe had discussed with Cara

Inglepin and Chater in the True Bounty's cabin. This could be no trivial plot, which was referred direct to the admiral commanding the blockading squadron, having previously been endorsed by British authorities across the Atlantic.

Another reason for escape. Here should be a weapon with which to humble the Inglepins and Chater. For he mustn't waste all his hatred on Collishawe. No, no! It was Cara Inglepin who had betrayed him in the first place. And sneaking Saul Chater. If he might only escape! With any luck, he'd see them hung in chains for the traitors they were.

For several hours the two vessels tossed on the waves, then Collishawe's boat put off from the Shannon, and the frigate scurried away south, while the Badger tacked inshore to resume her patrol.

Dripping wet in his boat-cloak, Collishawe climbed the Badger's side as adroitly as though it was a garden-path. His eye lit on Fellowes, and the Long Islander, perceiving it, made a derisive tug at his forelock.

"You are the pressed man who was flogged?" Collishawe asked abruptly.

"I'm Captain Fellowes of New York, whom you crimped out of the True Bounty."

"How's your back?" snapped Collishawe. "Why aren't you on duty?"

Fellowes slipped out of the loose pea-jacket he wore, dropping a mass of bandages with the garment, and turned to expose his stripes to the Englishman's inspection.

"You ought to see it," he said. "You might like to describe it to Miss Inglepin, when you go to smoke your pipe in her father's garden."

Collishawe's cheeks whitened. "No occasion for this exhibition—or for your insolence. You were flogged for striking your command—er—you should have been hung; I made allowance for your excited condition," he hesitated. "It ought not to be necessary to have to tell you that the lady you mention was in no way responsible for your being pressed. If you're a gentleman—"

"But I'm not," objected Fellowes. "I'm a common sailor. I've been flogged to convince me of it—one hundred lashes of the cat."

Collishawe rubbed his chin, embarrassed, apparently at a loss.

"See here," he exclaimed impulsively. "I'm d-d sorry this happened. You acted most foolishly, but I wouldn't have ordered the cat if there'd been any way out of the mess you got yourself into."

"Oh, d—n you and your sympathy," Fellowes answered, gently venomous. "And d—n your lies. I know what you are up to. I know what Miss Inglepin is up to. You aren't fooling me."

The Englishman stared at him coldly.

"That will do," he rasped. "Go below. And if you insult me again I'll send you to the brig in strict confinement. Clinch!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Escort this man to his berth. He's not to come on deck unless he conducts himself in accordance with discipline."

"Aye, aye, sir!" The bosun was flustered. And as soon as they were out of earshot of Collishawe: "Wot 'ave I been atellin' ye? Want to get that back cut up again? Only that the cap'n's kindly ye'd be stripped at the mast this mornin'."

Fellowes sobered.

"I hate him. I think I hate him more every day. I hate him for what he did to me. I hate him for being sorry he did it. I hate him—Oh, I just hate him. I've understood, Clinch? I hate him! What- ever he does, I hate him!"

"Tain't 'Christian, lad," rebuked the bosun. "Tain't nowise 'Christian. Now, 'ere's yer berth. Lie down, and rest up a piece. Likely ye'll get some o' that hate out o' ye, then."

"No, Bob," Fellowes answered wearily. "It's a part of me. It won't come out."

CHAPTER V

Escape.

PLYING her regular patrol well to seaward of Sandy Hook, the Badger was the vidette of the New York squadron, always on outpost.

One of the first things Fellowes discovered was that the blockaders were in constant communication with the shore. At night sloops and perflangers could steal out from the Jersey coasts or the Rockaway inlets, with fresh meats and vegetables—and information that was much more valuable. Well-dressed gentry would climb aboard the sloop-of-war, hats pulled low over their eyes, and be escorted to the cabin, where they talked into the small hours.

Obviously, Ben Inglepin's daughter was not singular in her disloyalty; the country seethed with factional strife as in the days of the Revolution. There must be many Americans who hated Madison worse than the stupid Prince Regent—Americans who would wreck their country, procure its defeat, sacrifice a measure of its independence, rather than see the Democratic administration triumph.

Fellowes regarded the intercourse between the blockaders and the shore as encouraging for his plans to escape. He was certain the tide of treason was flowing unchecked. The continuing visits of the contraband traders were sufficient proof, and the news that percolated from them through all ranks indicated how disastrously the national effort was being crippled by political jealousy and incapacity.

But he waited with unabated confidence. His back was entirely healed and he was glad to do his share of hard, physical labor. Work helped to dull the carking itch of humiliation. Collishawe ignored him, and he avoided Collishawe as much as he could.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

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A home remedy of tested and tried ingredients, safe, dependable.

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The Great Engineering School of The West

Established in 1894—Over \$200,000 Plant.
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All non-essential subjects omitted. Intensive practical—thorough courses in
Electrical, Mechanical, Civil, Mining, Architectural & Structural Engineering. New courses in Aeronautical and Airplane Engineering. Special courses in Airplane Mechanics, Auto Mechanics, Machine Shop, Electric Shop, Ignition, Battery, etc.
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Students assisted in financing their courses
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Pedestrians Wear Lights

Irate drivers of automobiles soon will be yelling "Lights!" at pedestrians if a growing custom becomes universal. Traffic has become so congested in London that wary pedestrians are rigging themselves with lights to warn motorists of their presence in the streets. One type of rear light consists of an electric light and reflector mounted on a luminous card worn on the back and suspended from the shoulders by a cord.

Revolutionary Cannon

A canon of the Revolutionary war period has been unearthed at Fort Ticonderoga, N. Y., where it had been buried since the British blew up the fort in 1777, during General Burgoyne's invasion which ended in defeat at the battle of Saratoga. The cannon, of either French or English iron, was dug up by Robert Pell of Ticonderoga and Washington, and Milo P. King, who were excavating on the site of the old fort, which is being restored by Howland Pell of New York.

Troublemakers are as plentiful as peacemakers are scarce.

WHEN IT LOOKS DARK

to any weak, nervous or ailing woman, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to her aid. Women in every walk of life today say Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a reliable medicine. It is made from roots and herbs, sold by druggists, in both fluid and tablet form.

One woman who used it said: "I think Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best medicine any weak woman can take, especially at middle age. When I came to that period I seemed to go right down in health, was nervous, weak and rundown. I took the Favorite Prescription and found it very helpful. It strengthened me, helped my nerves and I had no more trouble and I have been very healthy since."—Mrs. Eliza Lytton, 3550 Vanduyke Ave., San Diego, Calif.
Send 10¢ for trial pkg. tablets to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.



Don't let **SORE THROAT** get the best of you...

FIVE minutes after you rub on Muterole your throat should begin to feel less sore! Continue the treatment **once every hour for five hours** and you'll be astonished at the relief.

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. Keep Muterole handy—jars and tubes.

To Mothers—Muterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Muterole.



Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy



For every stomach and intestinal ail. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

Scots in High Place

The Scotch appear to have a strong hold on the British premiership. J Ramsay MacDonald is the fifth prime minister from Scotland in thirty years. The others were Lord Roseberry, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Earl Balfour and Bonar Law. During the same period the Welsh have had one premier, David Lloyd George, and the English two, Lord Salisbury and Stanley Baldwin.

Knew Her Weakness

Man—I say, you fellows, my wife went off to see her mother, intending to stay six weeks, but I brought her home in a hurry. Do you know what I did? I sent her a paper every day with a paragraph cut out, and she was so full of curiosity to know what news I was keeping from her that she came home at the end of four days.—London Tit-Bits.

Growth or Spunk?

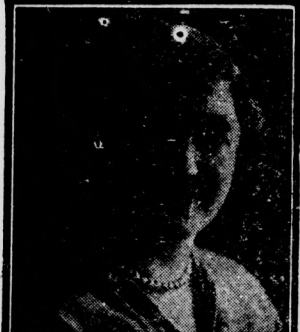
The director of the New York museum states the girl of today is growing taller. The average girl of fourteen years, says he, is as tall as her mother. Possibly because the modern girl stands up for her rights.—Atlanta Constitution.

Russ Ball Blue delights the housewife. Makes clothes whiter than snow. At your Grocer's.—Adv.

Proof Enough

Blinks—What makes you think he is dumb? You never met him before. Jinks—He acts too smart to be any thing else.

Best thing that can happen to children is a library of two or three thousand books in the house.

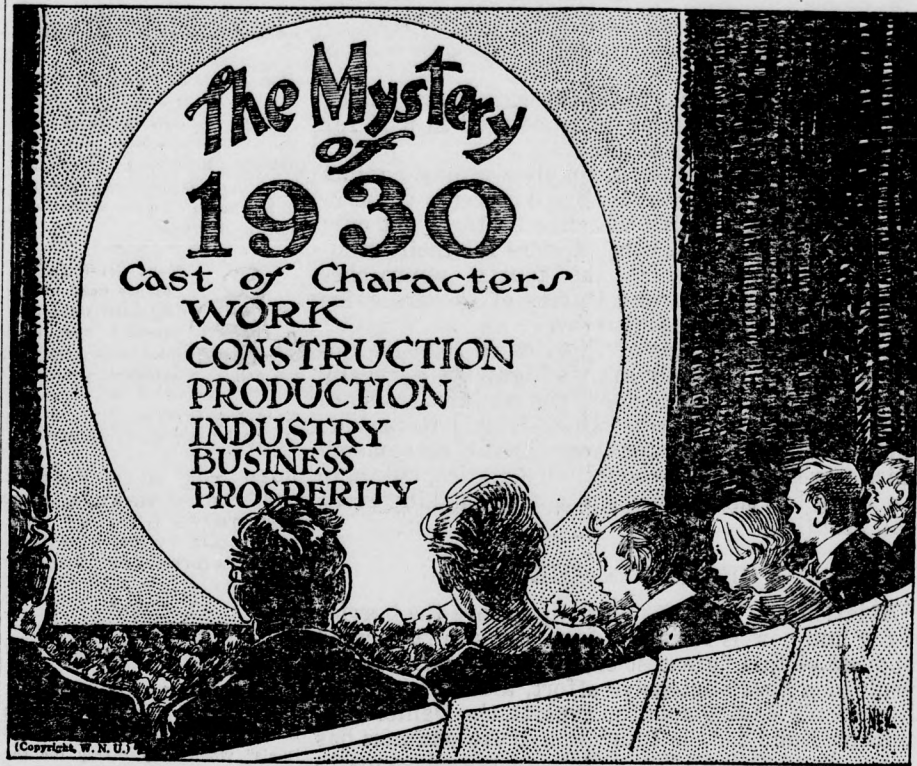


"Before My Baby Came"

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound puts new life into me and makes my work in the store and in the house easier. I took several bottles before my baby came and am always singing its praises to my friends. I recommend it for girls and women of all ages. It makes me feel like life is worth living, my nerves are better and I have gained pep and feel well and strong."—Mrs. A. R. Smith, 803 S. Lansing Street, St. Johns, Michigan.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The New Year



GENIAL BANDIT HOLDS UP BANK

When Captured It Was Found He Was Wanted on Charge of Murder.

East Orange, N. J.—Slapping his sides and roaring with laughter at a series of jokes he had just been reading aloud from a magazine, Francis (Lefty) Long climbed out of a taxicab and strolled into the Ampere Bank and Trust company, which he intended to rob, still chuckling to himself. His merry manner gave no clue to his intent nor did it indicate that there was a reward of \$3,000 for his capture in connection with the murder and robbery of George Danielson, a bank messenger, last summer.

He spoke genially to the guard and strolled over to the counter, upon which were the deposit slips. As he wrote, witnesses later said, he shook with silent laughter as if recalling the gems he had been reading to his taxi chauffeur but a moment before.

Writes Demand on Deposit Slip.

Then he straightened the pin in his tie and became serious. From the way he wielded the pen, writing was an unaccustomed pastime. "Hand out all the money and be sensible," he laboriously traced upon the deposit slip and carefully blotted it. He now had an air of professional seriousness.

"How's business?" he inquired in the snappy manner of the go-getter as he pushed the slip under the grating and into the cage of Gus Henry, the teller. Henry did not reply to the pleasantry, but threw himself on the floor. Then Long shook the grating as if in anger at Henry's unorthodox move. W. L. Van Syckle, the cashier, became disturbed at Long's antics.

He put his foot upon the button of the burglar alarm on the floor beneath his desk and both inside and outside of the bank the clamor of the electric bell broke forth. Despite his sense of humor, Long could see nothing funny in the noise.

With one hand he drew a .38 automatic, which he waved toward Van Syckle, and with the other hand he reached in under the grating. There was little space between the grating and the counter and his hand remained tantalizingly out of reach of an allying pile of bills. With the frenzy of a contortionist he wedged his fingers just close enough to grasp four \$10 bills.

Enjoyed the Jokes.

"I was certainly surprised when he came out," said William Grace, the taxicab chauffeur. "Before he went in he was all the time laughing to himself. When I pulled up

in front of the bank, he didn't get out. 'There's plenty of time,' he said. 'Listen to this one.' Then he'd read another joke and pound himself on the chest while he laughed.

"He was a mighty changed man when he came out. The first thing I noticed was his revolver. He was red in the face.

"'Drive,' he says, and jumps into the front seat by my side. I drove about two blocks and he says, 'Get out of here.' So I did. He drove away."

When Grace got back to the bank the police were there. They didn't have anything much to work on, except that the criminal had a loud laugh and a scorching vocabulary. Just on a chance they thought they would go back to the speakeasy where Grace had picked up his genial passenger. They went in the back way and did not make their presence known.

Sure enough, there before the bar, was "Lefty." "Lefty" was himself again. He laughed merrily and long as he ordered drinks for the house. The four policemen recognized him. He was wanted for the murder of Danielson, who was killed at Bradley Beach when \$7,000 was taken from him.

"Have you heard this one?" "Lefty" was saying when the po-

London Jazz Weary, Will Revive Tango

London.—London is getting tired of jazz, and a secret conference of dance teachers, held recently in the capital, decided that something must be done about it. Their main decision was that Londoners must dance the tango. Attempts to this end have been made before, and never with much success, but this year a special band is to be brought over and the tango will be "danced-plugged" as never before. Meanwhile a feature of recent dances in London has been the enthusiasm with which the old-fashioned waltz has been received whenever a dance band has had the courage to play one.

lice made their presence known and "Lefty" decided not to continue the story. In fact he decided not to tell any story at all, but several hours later changed his mind and told the old one of a bank robbery.

Easy to Remember

Sheerness, England.—A child has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Noble on two successive armistice days.

SCIENTIST FINDS INFLUENZA GERM

Successfully Isolated After Six Years Research at Chicago University.

Chicago.—The germ which causes influenza has been isolated in the laboratories of the University of Chicago, Prof. Isidor S. Falk, who directed six years of research which culminated in the discovery, has announced.

The thirty-year-old bacteriologist chose as the audience for his announcement not a distinguished scientific gathering, but half a hundred students and research workers at the university—the members of the Bacteriology club.

With the discovery of the specific micro-organism which has been held responsible for millions of deaths since the flu epidemic during the World war, Doctor Falk held out hope that a vaccine might be prepared shortly which would immunize humans against the scourge.

Make Vaccine Experiments.

Experiments already have been made with a vaccine made from the

dead microbes, which has been sprayed into the throats and nasal passages of monkeys used as test specimens for the purpose of immunization. So far these experiments have not been conclusive, however.

Influenza is caused by a form of streptococcus, the germ whose cousin are responsible for different forms of pus infections. Because the influenza germ takes a variety of forms under the microscope, it has been christened pleomorphic streptococcus.

It developed during the present series of experiments, started with feverish activity during the influenza epidemic of 1923, that the germ of the disease is frequently present in the throats of humans in too mild a form to cause the disease.

But pleomorphic streptococci have the power to increase in virulence. During the experiments this virulence was promoted artificially, until finally a culture taken from the throat of anyone who had a mild "influenza cold" could be developed to the state where it caused an acute form of influenza in monkeys.

All of the members of the research staff under Doctor Falk who took part in the frantic efforts to isolate the germ during the days of the last influenza epidemic, when specimens from victims of the disease were available, contracted the "flu." Due to the fact that an attack creates a temporary immunity, the workers were unable to offer themselves in the usual roles of scientific martyrs as test subjects. Instead, monkeys were used.

Form in Colonies.

The influenza germs congregate in colonies or clumps of billions of bacteria in the culture in which they are raised. The virulent form of the germ is characterized by clumps having a rough porous surface. The smoother clumps were found to be progressively less dangerous, ranging down through those forms which produce bronchitis, to those which cause a variety of common colds, and finally to those very smooth surfaced clumps which are innocuous and are present in the "normal" throat.



Conceal scuffs this easy way

A touch or two of the dauber conceals scuffs like magic. Color is restored uniformly to faded shoes. More than 50 long-life shines—50 cents. Colors for black, brown, tan and white shoes—a neutral polish for others.

BARTON'S DYANSHINE
SHOE POLISH

Soviet Planning Vast

Use of Electric Power

An electrified country is the aim of Soviet Russia. The current is to be used in every industrial field of operation. Millions are being appropriated by the government. Every possible kind of fuel—peat, oil, waste, anthracite waste, lignite—is to be utilized says the Providence Journal.

The rivers are being dammed and sidetracked, so that they may spread their power over the industrial regions and at the same time offer better transportation. Canals are to link the improved rivers.

A system of waterways will connect the Baltic sea, the avenue westward to the Atlantic, the Black sea and Soviet Russia's trade routes to the East. The basin of the Volga river, which empties into the Caspian sea, is to have its canal to the Don, and through the Don basin its outlet to the Black sea and the Mediterranean.

Army Chaplains

The various denominations are represented in the army chaplaincy as follows: Baptist, North, 8; Baptist, South, 5; Baptist, colored, 2; Congregational, 8; Disciples of Christ, 7; Evangelical, 1; Lutheran, 8; Methodist Episcopal, 17; Methodist Episcopal, South, 8; Methodist Protestant, 1; Methodist Episcopal, African, 1; Presbyterian, U. S. A., 10; Presbyterian, U. S. S., 2; Presbyterian, Cumberland, 1; Protestant Episcopal, 9; Reformed in America, 1; Reformed in United States, 1; Roman Catholic, 20; Unitarian, 2; Universalist, 2.

The Rising Scale

Noel Coward, the versatile playwright and actor, listened with interest to a bit of gossip recounted by a fellow thespian at the Lambs club. This gossip was about an elderly magnate who had recently been compelled to settle a huge sum of money on a chorus girl to avoid a scandal.

"The old boy," said Mr. Coward dryly, "should take this blow philosophically. He must know that fun is like insurance—the older you get the more it costs."

Chinese Dress

The dress of the Chinese coolies is a costume very similar to pajamas. They wear large straw hats. The women of the same class wear tunics with a high collar similar to a pajama top with a flaring at the hem. These tunics are worn over skirts.

If you wish beautiful clear white clothes, use Russ Ball Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Admiration

Dick—I certainly admire that pianist's finish, don't you?

Nick—Oh, yes, but I always dread his beginning.

Once to distrust is never to deserve.—Savage.



Needless Pain!

Some folks take pain for granted. They let a cold "run its course." They wait for their headaches to "wear off." If suffering from neuralgia or from neuritis, they rely on feeling better in the morning.

Meantime, they suffer unnecessary pain. Unnecessary, because there is an antidote. Bayer Aspirin always offers immediate relief from various aches and pains we once had to endure. If pain persists, consult your doctor as to its cause.

Save yourself a lot of pain and discomfort through the many uses of Bayer Aspirin. Protect yourself by buying the genuine. Bayer is safe. Always the same. All drugstores.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetateester of Salicylicacid

AGILE MEN KEEP LIGHTS BURNING IN EIFFEL TOWER

Seventy Thousand Bulbs in Colossal Electric Sign; 1,000 Feet Above Street Level.

Paris.—Men more agile than monkeys are required to keep the 70,000 lamps of the Eiffel tower electric sign burning in full glory every night up to 1,000 feet above the street level.

The colossal electric sign which flashes the name of the Citroen automobile in multicolored splendor high over the Seine and far into the surrounding plane of the Isle de France, keeps three acrobatic workmen constantly climbing, sliding, hanging and swinging high over the city replacing the lamps that burn out, and the fuses that blow out. Monsieur Douanel, the chief, and his two assistants, Heins and Schefflin, operate from a veritable electric warehouse situated about 500 feet up, and run in and out all day long with their basket of globes of various colors. Three blues must be replaced about 800 feet up, a couple of whites down on the 200-foot level, some reds and some oranges are burned out up at the summit. All these must be replaced daily, and

Chief Douanel makes the rounds and gives the orders, taking a handful of globes himself and scampering out on a two-inch bar as if he were walking along the boulevard.

Visitors to the Eiffel tower often look the other way when they see these human flies leaning far out inserting a globe, with a leg swung over a transverse girder, hands and teeth performing in the interests of rejuvenated illumination.

The baskets carrying the globes are usually held in the teeth while these monkey men are scampering over the surface of the huge electric letters. Tools are attached to their belts and altogether it is doubtful if a monkey could climb as well and get about with such ease.

"Monkeys have tails to help them," Douanel contends, "and when these tourists compare us to monkeys, they are not doing us justice. A monkey has four hands, and we have only two, and moreover, they are usually busy, not holding us up, but pushing in lamps and examining fuses."

DEVIL-MAY-CARE

by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

FINAL INSTALMENT

CHAPTER VII

Opposite the ruins of the Palm Beach hotel, the Minerva was moored. At the concrete dock of the Royal Danelli waited a motor boat.

"We was to take the lady aboard, ma'am," said Modane. "But I don't think we need to wait around to explain to her."

"Nor do I," said Lucy, dryly. She stepped into the motor boat and five minutes later was aboard the Minerva.

She heard a step upon the deck behind her. It was a feeble, somewhat uncertain step, but there was dominance in it just the same. As though some old Roman emperor, enfeebled, stalked his palace, stronger in his age than his subjects in their youth.

An exclamation sounded in the scented air:

"What the devil are you doing here? You got my message . . ."

She turned and looked at him. Lanterns on the deck illumined her face.

"Lucy!" he said.

He sank heavily into a chair; she felt a swift pity as she saw his weakness. He would not be strong, really strong, for months.

"Tim," she said quietly.

He put a hand upon his heart.

"You were always stimulating, Lucy," he said, "but now you've become exciting. May I ask what you are doing here?"

"Must a wife explain her presence upon her husband's property?" she retorted.

"A wife needn't," he said.

"Well?" she hinted.

"Lucy!" There was something almost savage in the way he uttered her name.

He rose and moved awkwardly until he stood towering over her.

"I don't ever intend to let you play with me again," he threaten-

normally his, swept her from her chair until she lay crushed against his breast, she felt ashamed.

Who was she melodramatically to think of cleansing, of ennobling Tim. She put such thoughts away from her forever. They were not merely prideful, they were unworthy. For where she loved, she must love without reservation. It didn't matter what Tim had been. She knew what he was now. And she loved him for the now.

Ah, incredible! she had loved him in the past! Unknowing, she had thought that hate led her on, when bruised love had been the impelling force behind her actions.

And then, as her eyes met his, she knew something. Tim wasn't a thief, any more than he was a brute. She knew why she had thought him a brute; because she, who wanted to be all-sufficient unto herself, had subconsciously realized that this man was her mate and master, without whom she must remain uncompleted all her days. Maiden resentment, the defiance of the soul that is unwilling to blend its identity with another, had made her shrink from him, even as every fibre in her body had called to him.

He wasn't a brute. Equally he was no thief, for a thief didn't have eyes like his, couldn't have eyes like his. Candor, decency, was in them for all the world to see. He might be overbearing—he might be slightly vain—God bless him, why shouldn't he have his little vanity if he wanted? But dishonest . . . never!

She placed her hands swiftly against his face and held his mouth from hers.

"Tim," she breathed, "you didn't steal!"

His eyes twinkled with mirth.

"Of course not, silly. But do you think I would have told you so? Darn it, Lucy, you have pride

Not really a business venture, at that. He and I had bought a patent, and I'd told him that I'd guarantee the validity of the patent and he maintained that I'd guaranteed the practicability of the invention—a new motor valve. He had letters that supported his contention, although I had letters which proved my side. But I'd gambled and lost. And so, to pay him, I mortgaged everything I owned and then you believed Leeson—who damn well ought to be careful what he says—and I . . . well, I loved you, Lucy. I'd almost killed myself because of what you thoughts of me had led to, and—I took your check and let you think the worst. And then, I swore I'd pay you back not with my own money that I'd raised by selling stocks and mortgages, but with money that I'd earned."

"Silly boy! But I like your pride. And you had the money all the time, you child?"

"Of course I did! I was writing a check for Leeson when you came, with your bundle of money and your bundle of nerves and your bundle of emotions, and . . . I swore I didn't care whether you thought me a thief or not. I'd make you love the thief, and then, if you loved the thief, what might you not think of an honest man?"

She shook her head.

"No more than I thought of the thief, Tim. I couldn't love you any more than I did ten minutes ago, when I didn't know that you were as silly—"

"As Devil-May-Care sometimes is?" he suggested, smiling.

"As she was," she corrected.

"For she isn't—not any more."

"Never again?" he chuckled.

"I'm a married woman," she reminded him, "and no married woman has a right to be silly."

"Not And why not?" he inquired.

"Because men are always silly, and some one has to keep the balance wheel in motion to hold the machine on its course, to keep it from tipping over."

"Devil-May-Care in a new role—the sober matron," he jeered.

"I can be that, Tim. The night that you . . . the night of Mrs. Clary's party I was talking to some one—was it Mr. Leeson?—and I said that I was really an old-fashioned girl. Well, old man, I'm exactly that."

"You can hardly make me believe that, Lucy," he mocked.

"Oh, yes I am," she insisted.

"And I can prove it. I'm so old-fashioned that, having my husband's arms around me, I want to kiss him. I don't want to say another word; I want to be kissed. New-fashioned girls want to talk, but I want to be kissed."

"Well, that's one little thing I can do for you, Lucy," he smiled.

His lips crushed against hers. Ah, who wanted freedom, when she could have this? Blessed old fate! Dear old fate, who'd guided Lucy Harkness Stevens straight to where she belonged—to her husband's arms!

THE END

Young Women's Club To Hold All Day Meet

The Young Womens Service club will meet at the Methodist church parlors Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 10:30 o'clock.

It will be an all day meeting, lunch being served at noon.

Members are asked to please bring a thimble or a paint brush, as there will be a quilt to tie and painting to do.

Cook Wins Medal



Louis Charles Delisle, on of New York's most noted French chefs, has been decorated by the French government with the Cross of Chevalier du Merite, Agricole.

LOCAL KIWANIS WILL CELEBRATE 15TH ANNIVERSARY

"The Kiwanis Club of Campbell will, during the week of Jan. 19-25, join with 1851 other clubs of Kiwanis International in observance of the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of the organization," R. H. Hyde, president of the local club announced today.

"Kiwanis International was organized in Detroit in 1915 and the first regular meeting was held on Jan. 21 of that year. The membership of Kiwanis International, to tally more than 102,000, is contained in clubs located in 1852 cities, large and small, in the United States and Canada. Horace W. McDavid of Decatur, Ill., is the international president, having been elected at the June, 1929, convention at Milwaukee. Kiwanis will hold its 1930 convention in Atlantic City June 29 to July 3.

"The Campbell club is now three and one half years old," said President Hyde, "and we have enjoyed the growth and development that has come to the International organization of which we are a chartered and active unit. Together with others comprising the 102,000 membership the local Kiwanians will fittingly observe the anniversary. Program for the anniversary week is being prepared by the local committee on program which is composed of Guy Farley, Roy Archibald and Jim Dempsey.

"The major objectives of 1930 which will be re-stressed at the anniversary meeting include underprivileged child work, vocational guidance and placement, urban-rural relations and social and civic undertakings of a general and specific nature."

ADA REBEKAHS INSTALL OFFICERS

At the regular meeting of the Ada Rebekah lodge in the I.O.O.F. hall last Tuesday evening the newly elected officers for the ensuing year were installed by Mrs. Ida Bruegge, district deputy president and her staff. Over 100 people witnessed the ceremonies. The hall was very beautifully decorated in the lodge colors in honor of the occasion. The officers installed are as follows:

Noble grand, Carrie Silver; vice grand, Josephine LaBarbara; junior past grand, Lillian Frazier; chaplain, Etta Eddlemon; treasurer, Ellen Snow; recording secretary, Lillian Ohlen; financial secretary, Marie Wingard; right supporter of noble grand, Katherine Burns; left supporter of noble grand, Myrtle Johnson; R. S. V. G. Hazel McQueen; L. S. V. G. Wilma Lea; warden, Grace Freudenthal; conductor, Beulah Covey;

Not a Scene From a Movie



Adolph Menjou, famous film star, recovering from an operation for appendicitis in the American hospital in Paris, while his wife, Kathryn Carver, cheers his convalescence.

inside guardian, June Rice; outside guardian, Al Covey; Anna Bachman, Ada Coupland and Helen Johnson, financial committee; trustee, Myrtle Johnson.

After a beautiful ceremony the guests and members adjourned to the banquet room where refreshments were served.

The first period of school ends Jan. 31. Graduation exercises will be held Jan. 20.

FIVE ROOM house and chicken equipment for 1,200 hens for rent. \$25 per month. City water, gas and elect. Enquire L. F. Sherlock, Rt. 1, Bx. 61, Campbell. (San Jose Los Gatos road. Ind. Chg.

FOR RENT—Small new modern house, furnished. Inquire 8 Dillon st. or phone Campbell 15-M. Ind

Singer Sewing Machine for sale. Call at 51 Harrison ave. or phone Campbell 71-R. 17-18-19pd

FIELD'S STORE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY SPECIALS

Knox, the real gelatine, 2 pkgs.	35c
Wesson Oil, one half gallon	90c
Del Monte Catsup, large bottle	16c
Lipton's Tea, Yellow Label, 1-2 lb.	43c
Borden's Malted Milk, large size bottle	49c
Del Maiz Corn, Two No. 2 cans	35c
Fortuna String Beans, No. 2 can	23c
Ivory Soap, medium size bar	7c
Star Olive Oil, quart tin	73c
Malt-O-Meal, package	23c
Folger's Coffee, 2 lb. can	87c

FIELD'S STORE

PHONE 127

SERVICE AND DEPENDABILITY

When Calamity Howlers

confidently predicted an absolute lack of precipitated moisture for January and February did our optimism weaken? It did not. Right up to the moment when the first welcome drops hit the thirsty earth we held firmly to the belief that it would rain, and rain plenty. We even went so far as to counsel the application of New Goodyear All-Weathers to automobiles whose tires were worn and liable to dangerous skidding on wet roads.

A lot more rain is scheduled—and we believe still that new Goodyear Tires are the best anti-skid assurance ever devised. Come in and have us examine your present tires.

Haliwell and Jones

PHONE 111 — Opposite Schools — CAMPBELL



ed.

"Suppose I weren't playing," she replied.

He turned away from her and sank into another chair, but closer to her.

"Lucy, I can't believe—"

"Why did you tell me that Modane saved my life, when it was you who did so?" she asked.

"Why should I say anything that might win your gratitude?" he evaded.

"Isn't my gratitude worth taking?" she demanded.

"Who would take gratitude when he wanted love?" he snapped.

"Do you expect me to woo you, to make love to you, Tim?"

"Is it love that brought you here, Lucy?"

"What else could have done it?" she cried. "Tim, you're making me wonder . . . Tim, you don't want me?"

There was pathetic bewilderment in her voice, the hurt of a child who cannot comprehend why pain is dealt out to it.

"Want you? Is that the question?"

"If it isn't, what is?"

"Do you want me? That's it," he stated.

"Must I say so?" she asked. "Is this a punishment, a humiliation for — what I may have done to you?"

"Your mind seemed to change before, Lucy. I want you to be sure. And before you answer—could you love a thief, Lucy?"

"I do," she made reply.

And with the words she felt a surging pride in her surrender. A thief, and she loved him. Ah, but her love should redeem him, should cleanse him, should ennoble him—and then, as he leaned above her, as his great arms, momentarily restored to the strength that was

enough to be able to understand pride! But Leeson's client was certain that he'd been swindled. And I . . . I was so damned angry with him for doubting me that . . . well it was my first business venture.

There Is a Santa Claus



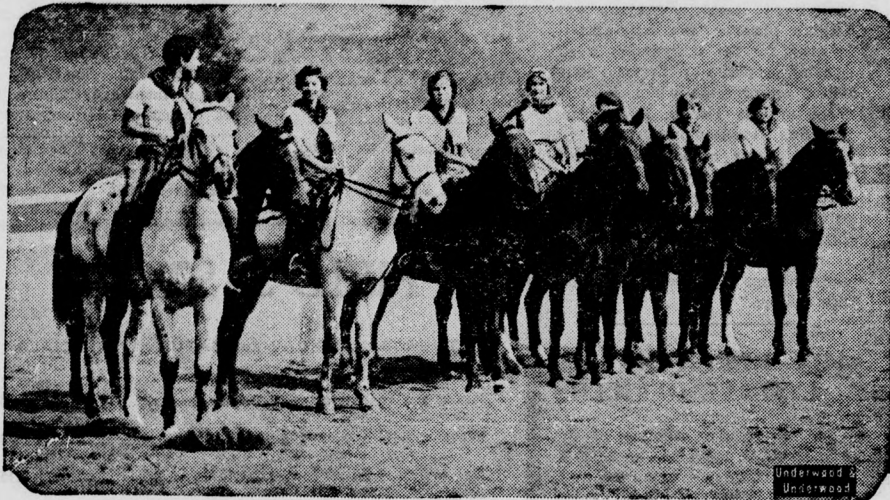
The postmaster of the little town of Santa Claus, Ind., was almost snowed under at Christmas with letters sent in from all over the country to be mailed to children with the Santa Claus postmark.

Miss Morrow Teaches Mexican Children



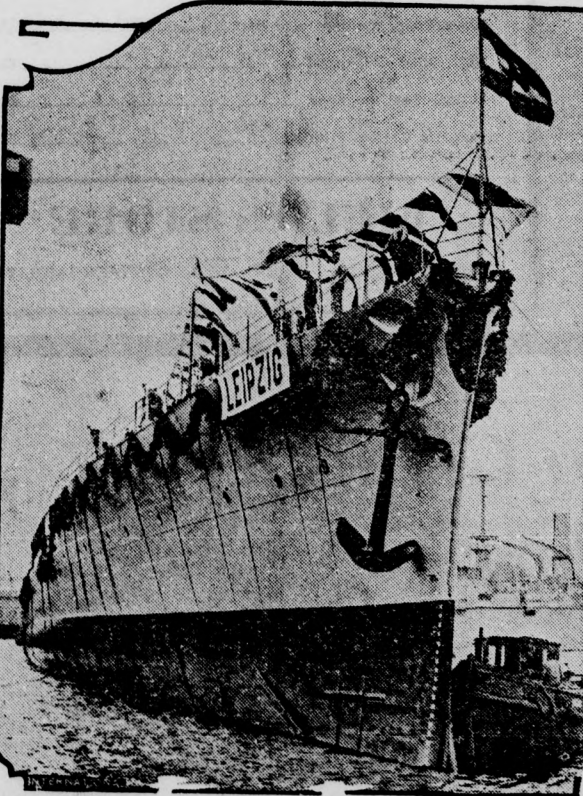
Miss Elizabeth Morrow, daughter of the American ambassador to Mexico and sister-in-law of Colonel Lindbergh, is shown delivering her first lesson to the pupils of the "Lopez Cottila," a school for girls in Mexico City, whom she is instructing in English.

Oakland's Troop of Mounted Girl Scouts



Here is the Shongehon Riding troop—second Girl Scout equestrienne organization to be formed anywhere in the world—photographed after the investiture ceremonies at Oakland, Calif. The other Girl Scout mounted troop is at Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

Germany Has a Fast New Cruiser



Germany's newest cruiser, the Leipzig, just after its launching at Wilhelmshaven. It will be one of the fastest cruisers afloat and is built to conform to the agreement of the allied powers.

Albania's King on His Birthday



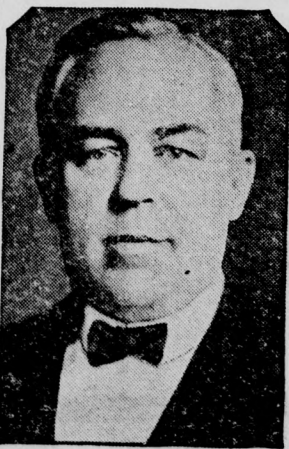
The handsome and youthful King Ahmed Zogu of Albania, with his aides, photographed during the national celebration of his thirty-fifth birthday. King Zogu is seldom photographed.

HAS MABEL'S JOB



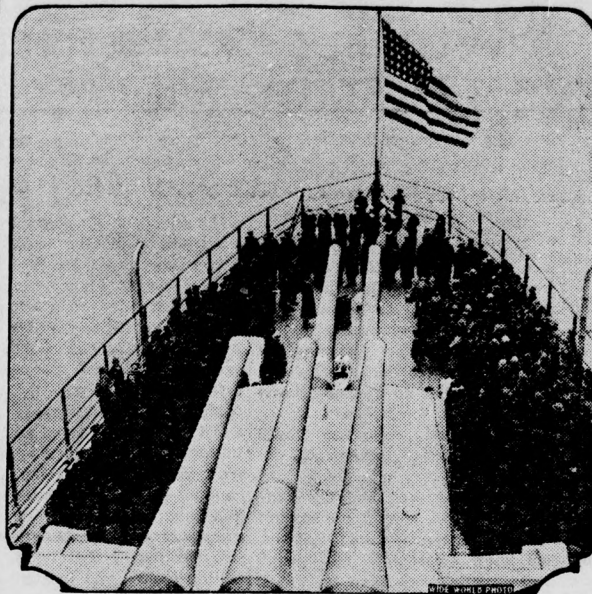
G. Aaron Youngquist, attorney general of Minnesota, who has been nominated by President Hoover to be an assistant attorney general, succeeding Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who resigned. Mr. Youngquist is forty-four years old, was born in Sweden, is "personally and politically dry" and a great friend of Attorney General Mitchell. His duties will be largely the detection and prosecution of dry law violators.

FOSHAY FAILS



Wilbur Burton Foshay, forty-eight, head of the W. B. Foshay company of Minneapolis which filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy. The company's holdings extend throughout the United States, Canada, Alaska and Central America. A short while ago the new Foshay tower, constructed to resemble the Washington monument, was dedicated in Minneapolis with Secretary of War Good and many other notables present.

New Cruiser Commissioned



The 10,000-ton light cruiser, Salt Lake City, completed by the new York Shipbuilding company, Camden, N. J., and turned over to the government, was commissioned at the Philadelphia navy yard. The vessel is the first of a group of eight of the same type authorized in 1924 to be completed. The photograph shows the ship being commissioned with the raising of the colors.

CHEST WAS MAN'S FIRST FURNITURE

He Ate on It Slept on It and Stored His Clothes in It.

Chicago.—Man sat on it, slept on it, ate his food on it, stored his clothes in it—In fact, he "lived" on, in and with it.

It in this case has no connection with Ellnor Glyn's impression of a magnetic personality. We are referring to the first piece of furniture ever made—a chest. And, of course, we are speaking of the primitive man who at that juncture in cavern progress was lucky to find a dry earthy spot on which to stretch his huge, hairy frame.

"The chest became more important to the primitive man when he moved down from his hazardous niche in the cliff and built a hut on the ground. As men gained knowledge they formed tribes and found new instruments other than just a club with which to fight and kill the beasts and game that roamed the wild regions of their habitats. They learned, too, that wood could be used for purposes other than weapons.

Chests were made in great varieties, some richly decorated, inlaid with precious stones and metals. A distinguished man of those days would have as many as one hundred chests. When leaving his castle or kingdom on a trip he would carry many with him, containing such comforts as food, clothing and utensils and also his gifts.

His Treasure Store. In those days, it was man's treasure store, his companion during life and often when he died the chest was used for his coffin—his final resting place.

As we leave the crude stage of life in a study of the history of furniture, we view the avenue of progress with its increasing beauty and proceed until today we reach that pleasing point where man sits on a chair, sleeps on a bed, and eats his food at a table.

He still stores some of his clothes in a chest, some in dresser drawers, on hooks and often on the floor. But the foregoing has only a small connection with the subject matter and to the unsuspecting reader we disclose our theme as concerning cedar and the many interesting uses that have been made of the wood.

Looking back many, many years, information gathered from 22 manufacturers of cedar chests at the American Furniture mart in Chicago shows that Solomon, the wise king of many wives, chose cedar for the temple of all his glory. That was 2,900 years ago and centuries later in the reign of Louis XIV, grand monarch of France, likewise selected the wood for one of the great Versailles gateways.

Our forefathers in America used cedar logs for their cabins and later for their stately mansions. President Andrew Jackson, it has been learned, had the chests at "The Hermitage" made of cedar.

Desiring to perpetuate the memory of their gods, the wise Greeks chose this durable product of the forest for their images to withstand the elements through the ages, a tribute to cedar sturdiness. Scriptures refer to cedar as a symbol of power, prosperity, longevity.

Had others appreciated its value as did Solomon, Louis XIV, President Jackson and other notables in history, and had they taken heed of the warnings that were sounded later, forest owners today say it would not now be necessary to scum the horizon closely for the beauty which is lent by this species of the genus Abies.

Bring Out Hope Chest.

The hope chest for several years has been accepted by the maidens of the land as a treasure box. In former years they hid it away in the attic because it was merely a chest in which to store the prospective bride's trousseau.

Now, however, it has been brought from the attic into the bedroom and often into the living room. Manufacturers realized the need of a general household appeal and have had expert cabinet workers adopt style and finish to make the chests into attractive

pieces of furniture. The idea has created a greater demand for chests than ever before in the history of the industry, manufacturers say.

Choice of poets and artists, kings and rulers of nations throughout the world for centuries, this wood with its sweet, sharp odor has remained a favorite to the delight of those who live in its surroundings and to the discomfort only of the moth. To this insect, destroyer of wool and fur, the aroma of the oil has been a death-dealing barrier.

More than a century ago, cedar was used in numerous ways, for fences, barns, smokehouses, roofing, and for log cabins. One author has written: "No hewn red cedar log house ever rotted down; if such a house ever was destroyed, it was by fire."

From the period between 1880 and 1900 virgin growth cedar with stock of good width and carrying very little of the white sapwood, was used extensively in the manufacture of coffins and caskets. This class of timber, however, became exhausted and its use in caskets by necessity was abandoned.

Benjamin Franklin sounded a warning for reforestation in his day, which, if followed, would have prevented the scarcity of the wood today. Taking up the prophesy of Peter Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, who toured the United States almost 200 years ago, Franklin urged that measures be taken to insure against exhaustion of the forests.

His prediction long since has been borne out as the red cedar suitable for commercial purposes has disappeared from all the eastern and New England states and forests of the South have been so depleted that American lumbermen say it is nearing extinction.

No Substitute for Red Cedar. High-class cedar timber to be used for expert pencil wood vanishes in the early '80s and since that time owners of pencil slat factories in the country have bought old log houses, barns and rail fences

FOODS BENEFICIAL TO SOME ACT AS POISONS TO OTHERS

Specialist Gives Warning to Mothers Who Force Children to Eat Certain Things.

New York.—The mother who insists, "You must eat that; it's good for you!" may be unwittingly doing her child an injury.

Foods which may be beneficial to 99 persons in 100, may be positive poison to the one hundredth. Even such universal items of diet as milk, eggs and potatoes should not be given to some children.

This is the warning voiced by Dr. Josephine H. Kenyon, widely known child health specialist, in the Good Housekeeping Magazine, where she discusses recent findings of science in regard to allergy, or the hyper-sensitization of certain individuals to particular substances with which they come into contact.

The most common form of allergy is a hyper-sensitiveness to substances breathed into the lungs, known popularly as hay fever, but parallel conditions can be brought about by taking in certain foods. Such conditions are evident in early childhood, says the child specialist, but they can affect the individual throughout life.

"Food allergies form a difficult study," says Doctor Kenyon. "The usual symptoms are skin rashes of many types, including eczema; in digestion symptoms varying from loss of appetite to vomiting and diarrhea; and such varied reactions as apathy, prostration, and fever. Often the correct diagnosis is not made until there have been many attempts to cure the child by cathartics, drugs, salves, etc.

Occasionally, however, we are fortunate enough to see the same symptoms recur coincident to the giving of certain foods, so can draw conclusions. The fact that a child may be mildly sensitive to each of several foods, and not react until they are given in combination, adds to the difficulty of diagnosis."

The most effective method for treatment of such conditions, says

N. Y. Taxi Driver

Real "Hack Writer"

New York.—Among the thousands of taxicab drivers who have built up unbounded confidence in the not-seeing, not-hearing qualities of a cab driver, there is now Robert Hazard, who has sold stories to Scribner's and is expecting his novel to be published by the first of the year.

Hazard, born in Chicago in 1900, came to New York nine years ago after four years at hobnobbing and odd work from California to Virginia. He farmed in California, was foreman of a plantation in Virginia and worked in the shipyards of Philadelphia.

When he settled in Greenwich village he believed he wanted to be a newspaper reporter, but an actor friend, also out of work, suggested hack driving as a good way of waiting for something to turn up.

Writing by day and hacking by night, Hazard has set before himself as Ideals Mark Twain, Balzac and De Maupassant.

for their supply. Also from such wood, exposed to the weather for half a century, practically all of the oil of cedarwood produced in this country is made by the pencil slat mills.

The worst enemy of growing cedar is fire. The bark of the tree is thin, and once the fire scorches the outer covering death results.

With the supply diminishing and the demand increasing, manufacturers claim there is no available substitute for red cedar. So scarce has the wood become throughout the South that only small mills are established, and many of them at great distances from railroads.

Red cedar grows rapidly, but the warnings of Kalm and Franklin were not recognized in time. The failure to employ conservation methods and artificial propagation has made it necessary for manufacturers to scour the Southland for what supplies are available today.

French Society Offers

Prize for Wine Song

Paris.—France, the home of wine, is searching for a good wine drinking song.

A prize of \$40 will be paid by la Societe des Amis des Vins de France (the Society of the Friends of the Wines of France) for a first class wine drinking song.

Germany, Italy and Austria have their drinking songs, but France feels that it has none. Poetry and prose eulogizing the wines of France it has in abundance, but still there is no national drinking song.

For some years the wine producers of France have been worrying because the French have been drinking beer instead of wine. The days before the war when an ordinary table wine was an excellent Bordeaux or Bourgogne have passed. Today the ordinary table wine is neither Bordeaux or Bourgogne. It tastes like a mixture of water and vinegar and lots of both.

As most Frenchmen appreciate the taste of wine, but cannot afford to pay more than the price of ordinary wine, they have switched to drinking beer. Although they still regard wine as the national drink, statistics show an alarming increase in the consumption of beer. Wine growers are beginning to fear that France will soon turn into a beer drinking nation like Germany or England.

The Good Housekeeping expert, is a process which eliminates all suspected foods, reintroducing them to the diet one at a time under the guidance of a dietitian. She outlines the findings of Doctors Dale and Thornburg, specialists, who have made a comprehensive study of the problem.

"They feel that the foods which have been found to cause trouble most often should be omitted, such as milk, wheat, eggs, potatoes, chocolate, oranges, tomatoes and other vegetables. This leaves a rather limited choice. They suggest that their exact diet be followed from five to seven days, then one new food at a time be added and the symptoms watched. They state that the only foods which have never been proved to cause this type of trouble are salt, sugar and gelatin."

California to Make

Mental Hygiene Survey

San Francisco.—Dr. Frederick H. Allen of Philadelphia, who has been selected to serve as director of the mental hygiene survey authorized by the 1929 legislature, will arrive here in a short time to begin work upon the survey. The purpose of the mental hygiene survey is to take stock of conditions in California related to delinquency and mental disorder, defect and disease, to bring together all the forces working to ameliorate and prevent those conditions.

Girl's Illness Releases

Jaws Locked 5 Years

Pittsburgh.—Five years ago Miss Genevieve Crissinger's jaws locked and despite efforts of specialists only partial relief resulted.

Six weeks ago she suffered a second breakdown followed by a convulsion. After severe pains in her face, her jaws became released. Miss Crissinger, twenty-five, lives near Greensburg, Pa.



What Makes a Good Business Town?

A good business town is created by the *complete co-operation of every citizen* in supporting the local business, professional and industrial institutions and in furthering the development of all community activities.

Whatever is good for business is also good for the community, for as business profits so the community prospers. It is, therefore, of interest to *all of us* that *ours* should be a *good business town*.

In judging the progress we are making as a business town let us see if we fulfill the following standards:

1. The citizens spend their money at home.
2. The number of business institutions is increasing.
3. There is an active general commercial organization such as a Chamber of Commerce with a high percentage of eligible concerns as members.
4. Business rentals are as low as in competing towns and the premises well kept.
5. The amount of bank deposits and savings deposits increase faster than population growth, and banking interests provide for local borrowers first.
6. A higher than normal increase in population.
7. An increasing railroad business, postal receipts, building construction and real estate transfers.
8. An increasing amount of insurance issued and held.
9. An honest civic administration and fair taxes.
10. Good streets and highways; utility services.
11. Efficient Fire and Police protection.
12. A church-going community—honest and thrifty.

Do we meet the standards in this community? In order to be judged a *good business town we must.*

Folks, it's good business for all of us to strive to make a Good Business Town of

CAMPBELL

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